

Ochita Kuroi Yūsha no Densetsu:Volume 3 Right Road

 web.archive.org/web/20141001235344/https://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php

Right Road[\[edit\]](#)

Alone, someone had been broken.

It was in a modest room. In there was a desk and a bed. Placed on the desk was a candle for light.

In the center of that room, illuminated faintly by the candle, he had died.

His corpse had been unnecessarily cut up.

"....."

Sion Astal remembered that scene just now. It was in the moment he closed his eyes. In the moment where he was barely asleep. That sight appeared in his mind.

Sunk in a sea of blood, Fiole Folkal.

He'd been Sion's secretary. An excellent subordinate. A young man who cared for his younger sister.

And more than that, a close friend.

Always talking about how Your Majesty is overworking, Please hurry up and get some rest, If you don't eat lunch, I'll be troubled, with his cheeks swelled and his eyebrows slightly bent in a childish manner.

And to the end, with an earnest, smiling face, he would say I'm truly glad that Your Majesty became king of this country.

I'm glad to have met you. Because of you, I can finally have hope for this corrupt land.

I'm proud that you're the king of this country. That my sister would have the fortune of growing up in a land like this, I'm thankful to God, he said.

As Sion governed the country, he could dream.

But despite all that, Fiole... died. He died so easily. So that Sion would be taught a lesson, he was killed by the nobles of the anti-king faction.

And at that time, Sion couldn't do anything. He hadn't been on the king's seat for long enough yet. His grasp on the throne was still fragile, and furthermore, the nobles' power was strong.

At the time when Fiole was killed, he couldn't search for the culprit and seek revenge.

He'd simply smiled politely at the nobles, trying not to show any weakness or overdo it.

That was the true Hero King, Sion Astal, whom Fiole had been so proud of. Even when his friend had been killed, he had no choice but to smile—a fragile king.

Since then.

Since Fiole's death, how much time had passed?

The world had changed. As the king, Sion had begun to change the country and the world, even if only a little.

Sion's power was no longer weak. If it were now, Fiole wouldn't have been killed under Sion's nose like that.

But, but, nevertheless,

"... The perfect king you dreamed of is too far away to reach, Fiole,"

Sion murmured. He opened his eyes. Seared into his eyelids, the image of Fiole's cruel death amidst a sea of blood disappeared.

Standing before him was a man with eternally calm eyes, without any resemblance to the boyish Fiole's face.

Beautiful black hair and a long, thin body. A breathtakingly well-ordered face.

However, within that face, a deep darkness lurked. Cold, dark blue eyes that always looked down on others. He was probably a bit older than Sion—twenty-two, twenty-three?

Lieutenant General Miran Froaude.

He'd become Fiole Folkal's successor when he was taken in under Sion's command and then had risen to Lieutenant General—a man who was nothing at all like Fiole.

If it was for the sake of Sion's military rule, he had no qualms about dirtying his hands and resorting to foul play. No matter what the sacrifice, he always chose the most efficient path.

He was that kind of man. A part of Roland's dark side. That darkness, with those cold eyes, gazed at him, and,

"... Perfect king?"

He asked.

Sion shrugged.

"Are you asking me?"

"Yes."

"I've forgotten."

Sion said, to which a faint smile rose in Froaude's face.

"... A king who sees everyone as equal and creates a country with no conflict... Would that be it?"

"....."

"What nonsense."

"....."

Sion didn't respond.

Froaude laughed with a quiet *fufufu*, before holding out a bulky tome and placing it straight on the desk.

They were in the office. A room with documents scattered about. A large bookshelf. It was a room separate from the one where he always worked with Ryner. It was a place that Ryner and co. didn't know about that dealt with the dark side of Roland.

Sion picked the tome up off of the desk. It was supposed to contain detailed reports of the nobles' records presently.

Sion had ordered Froaude to compile and submit it.

"... Slowly?"

Sion said.

"Too slowly."

"Right now, how many nobles will disappear?"

"... If that's an order, then as for how many... however many Your Majesty wishes,"

Froaude said, pushing the tome Sion was holding further into him.

"The nobles of this land... There isn't any worth in letting a single one of them live."

At that, a smile arose in Sion's face.

"... Aren't you a noble as well?"

At that, the red at the corner of Froaude's mouth became visible. His lips parted slightly, as a demonic smile spread across his face.

"In that case, would you have me killed?"

"As if,"

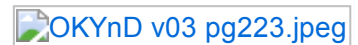
Sion said, shaking Froaude's hand off. And then he turned over the pages of the tome. In there, every noble's history and recent movements were reported. Marquis Riemul. Count Klausberr. Count Nuble. That was right. Sion had asked Froaude to gather this information.

Information for the sake of purging the obstacles that were the nobles who existed during the previous king's reign.

Things were different from the before. He was no longer the fragile king who had to laugh frivolously when Fiole had been killed.

With his power through expanding the military's organization, there was no longer anyone who would oppose him.

Little by little. It was fine to only move forward by pieces. No, as Froaude had said, they were moving too slowly. They had to purge the nobles already and deal with the other countries as soon as possible. Right. The nobles. It was time to take revenge against the nobles who'd killed Fiole...



"Now then, shall we make our move, Your Majesty?"

Froaude asked.

Sion didn't answer immediately.

"....."

Again, the scene appeared in his mind. In the moment he closed his eyes, from the bottom of his eyelids. Fiole's corpse. His letter to his sister stained with his blood. His smiling face. *I'm truly glad to have met you. I'm truly glad that you became king of this country.*

If it's you, then a country where everyone is equal, there is no conflict, and I can leave my sister behind without worries...

Then.

"... Not yet,"

Sion said.

"I won't raise my hand yet."

At that,

"....."

Froaude didn't reply. Those dark eyes only gazed in his direction.

Meeting those eyes, Sion continued.

"I need to think over this."

"... Taking the roundabout way again? We're already out of time."

"I know."

"... But—"

"Froaude,"

Sion said, at which Froaude became quiet. He looked at his face.

"... Just a little. Only a little..."

That was what he told himself. However, for how long?

In the center of his mind, he spoke with himself. If he stopped his legs, he'd stop advancing—he spoke with himself.

However, Sion ignored that.

Surely, there was another path. A method where no one had to be sacrificed. Even if only slightly, there had to be another way.

With a somewhat sad expression, Froaude spoke.

"... I understand. I'll go in accordance to Your Majesty's wishes."

To that,

"....."

Sion again looked down at the tome.

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And then again, a different location. A different office. However, every time in that office, Ryner Lute—

"Fuwa~ah,"

He said in his usual listless voice, as he let out a great yawn. Messy black hair like he'd just rolled out of bed, a tall and lean figure that gave off no sense of ambition. With loose eyes, he looked up at the room's clock.

Right now, the time was three o' clock at night. Honestly, as he yawned, he was tempted to become some kind of nocturnal animal to deal with this.

"I'm not nocturnal, so I can only go 'fuwa~ah' like this, huh?"

Ryner said something stupid like that alone.

Right now, late at night, Ryner was alone in the office. Ferris had gone somewhere else as of yesterday, saying something he didn't quite get about going on a trip with Iris to a dango carnival.

Sion had said that he was going to go wash his face to freshen himself up from some drowsiness, but it seemed that something was keeping him, as it'd been an hour and he still hadn't returned.

Ryner looked up at the clock.

"... One hour, huh?"

He muttered.

It's taking him an hour to wash his face?

Shouldn't it take him way less than that? Ah, maybe he's using the toilet? And something big is keeping him?

At that, Ryner shrugged.

"No, even if it were something big, an hour is way too long. Ah! Could it be that he just dumped all the work onto me and went off to sleep!?"

He said something like that, even though he knew that couldn't be the case. He wasn't that kind of guy. Always pushing his limits, working to the point of death, while Ryner would tell him to go get some rest, and a serious guy who did the work alone.

Such a thing,

"... So where'd he go?"

Ryner murmured, but naturally, no one answered. All was silent, except for the sound of the clock's second hand systematically reporting the time. Listening to only that ticking noise made him sleepy. In order to chase away that sleepiness, he pressed down on his body while speaking.

"... No~, I can't. If I don't keep watch over that workaholic, then who will?"

He said something like that, but naturally, there was no response.

Regarding that, Ryner looked towards the room entrance.

"But maybe it'd be okay for me to sleep a little?"

However, as expected, there was no answer. However, not caring about that, Ryner stared at the entrance, and,

"... The moment I fall asleep, that idiot Sion will have been waiting and won't let me escape, and on top of that, he'll say something like *'Let's pull an all-nighter for ten nights~'*"

He said, looking at the entrance for any signs of his presence, but that didn't seem to be the case. There were no

such signs. After letting out a sigh of relief at that, a smile of satisfaction rose to his face as he spoke.

"Then, even though my work's not finished, I'll be taking a nap~♪"

Abandoning the unfinished paperwork, as his pen rolled across the desk, he stood up.

Quickly walking over to the entrance, he moved to open the office door... and in that instant!

"Huh?"

Ryner raised his voice.

All of a sudden, light came from the door. No, it wasn't quite light. It was something akin to an explosion.

"A trap?"

Ryner immediately reacted. Using all of the power within his exhausted body, he leapt away from that place with incredulous speed. But there wasn't enough time.

Fire of scorching heat was imminent. Countless iron stakes flew out.

"Damn it—"

He groaned, turning over his desk to use it as a shield.

However, unsurprisingly, it couldn't defend against them all.

"Gah—"

His left arm that couldn't dodge in time was slightly burned, and three iron stakes pierced into it. He reflexively wanted to cry out at the sharp pain, but he held back.

"... Geez, seriously?"

Ryner said, grimacing.

Then he hurriedly confirmed his current situation. He hadn't seen anything at all in the room at the time of the explosion.

But what exactly happened just now?

Was he under attack from someone?

Or was this also one of Sion and Ferris's ill-natured pranks?

"Can't tell... things are kinda bad right now, huh?"

After saying that, Ryner peeked out from behind the desk. And he looked to where the explosion had occurred, at the entrance of the room. Unsurprisingly, as it was shrouded in smoke, he couldn't see anything.

However, just what exploded? Had a trap been prepared at the door? But it wasn't a trap that used magic. If it were a magic trap, he was confident that he'd notice before the explosion.

"Then, it's a plain, normal trap?"

However, in that case, there was a problem. If it wasn't magic and instead a normal trap, then one couldn't set it up at the doorway from a distance. In other words, someone had to come to the door, establish whatever it was that exploded, and then furthermore, leave the area. And if that were the case, then Ryner, who was inside the room,

shouldn't have remained oblivious to it.

Then, someone did it while Ryner wasn't in the room?

But Ryner shook his head. When Sion opened the door, the door didn't explode. It seemed that the explosive had been placed after Sion left. Whether it was aimed at Ryner or it was aimed at Sion, he didn't know.

At the very least, it was prepared during the one hour after Sion left. During that one hour, Ryner hadn't left the room.

In other words, the one who prepared the explosive...

"... To not be noticed by me, they're at the level where they can erase the signs of their prese..."

He began, but his words only made it that far.

Ryner turned around. The reason was that the killing intent that hadn't been there at all before suddenly swelled up to his side.

"Oh, so you've come."

Ryner looked to his side. Then his flank. Penetrating through the smoke that hung in the air, swords stabbed through. Affirming that,

"Looks like I don't have time to slack off."

Ryner said, throwing a punch towards the smoke. Into the smoke. Towards the faces of the people dressed in black.

But.

"Huh?"

In that instant, Ryner stopped his fist. He felt the presences of a number of people moving to attack him from behind. Furthermore, it wasn't a single person.

"Whoa, there's this many assassins of this level?"

While jumping away to avoid them, Ryner turned around to face the opponents in the rear.

Behind, there were three enemies. As expected, they were enemies who used the sword.

Though they were no equal for Ferris, they nevertheless seemed quite nimble. Several people were gathered here.

On top of that, Ryner's left arm was injured.

"This is just a bit bad, isn't it?"

Avoiding one person's sword, kicing away the second person's sword, and furthermore grabbing the sword of a third person with his right hand seemed just a bit impossible.

"Ah, damn it."

He stopped the below with his left arm that had the iron stakes pierced through it. The stakes teared further through his skin, as he felt them go through in further. Immediately—

"This huuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuurts—these damn bastaaaards!"

Like that, he swung his right fist towards the face of someone dressed in black with all his might. Without thinking,

he punched with all and all and all seriousness. Though a sound rang out and it felt as if something like bone was breaking, as his left arm hurt so badly, he wasn't sorry.

"Well, this isn't the place for that anyway..."

Though one person collapsed, there were still three people... as he was thinking that, the person he'd just punched calmly got up, and so there were still four people.

"Au. Even though I punched in your face so angrily, it's a relief that none of the things in my arm broke?"

While saying that, Ryner looked at the black-dressed people. The smoke having cleared up, he could now more easily see their figures.

There were four people dressed in black clothes. Unusually for assassins, they didn't have knives, but instead held unwieldy long swords.

Being vigilant of Ryner, who'd corrected his posture, they remained a short distance away from him, surrounding him. Looking at the feet of one person, Ryner spoke.

"Ah~, ah~, hey, right now, you're stepping on the documents I worked so hard on... and others were burned up completely by the explosion, so what now?"

He said such things; however,

"....."

The black-dressed people didn't respond. Ryner paid that no heed and continued.

"... So? Who are you working under? Is it ag~ain the nobles who, as usual, hate Sion?"

"....."

"Well, it's not like you're gonna reveal your client's identity, huh? But I already know who you are, you know?"

At that, the black-dressed people reacted slightly.

A smile broke out across Ryner's face as he went on.

"A group of assassins who use the sword... Once, they were pretty famous... the Fenirun brothers. Having undergone brainwashing to make you see killing as pleasurable, becoming able to do anything for that sake—you're a crazed set of brothers, you know that? So, now you're the nobles' dogs?"

"....."

However, there was unsurprisingly no answer. But he'd heard rumours of these guys some time ago, in the underworld of the previous Roland. They'd become addicted to drugs that increased their physical capabilities. They'd severed their nerves, dulling their sensitivity to pain. By now, they already felt pleasure in nothing but killing. That was why, without exception, they didn't use magic. After all, they enjoyed the sensation of cutting into flesh directly with edged weapons.

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Right. The sensation of cutting into flesh—they enjoyed it.

That was why now... Ryner looked at his left arm. His arms with the iron stakes stabbed deeply into it. This wasn't from a magic trap, but an old-fashioned trap of ill taste—that seemed to be these guys' preferences.

"You guys have bad taste."

As he said that with half-closed eyes, one of them spoke for the first time.

"I don't want to hear that from you. Ryner Lute."

"Oh, so you know about me."

"There isn't anyone in the underworld who doesn't know about you."

"Hoh."

Then, a smile arose in Ryner's face. And staring at the assassins, he spoke.

"In that case... then... At the levels you're at, you should understand that you can't win against me, right?"

The black-dressed people then seemed to be cross. In a restrained, muffled voice, they spoke.

"Don't be conceited, **Alpha Stigma** monster... You can't win against us."

"Is that how it is?"

"Yes. We don't use magic. Your **Alpha Stigma** has no use. Without your **Alpha Stigma**, you're no threat."

They said that. And certainly, the **Alpha Stigma** that could grasp every magic was practically useless against opponents that didn't use magic.

The black-dressed people continued.

"You will die here."

"Is that so?"

"You'll see soon enough."

"Huum,"

Ryner said in a bored tone. Looking at his left arm with the iron stakes, as he held it out again,

"Though I can already predict what the result will be..."

He began, but the black-dressed people started to prepare their swords.

Ryner let out a light sigh at that, and,

"You're really doing this... Well, since you're strong, I won't go easy."

His right hand danced in the air. The tip of his finger sketched letters of light into the air. It was a spell he'd stolen when he previously fought with the Magic Knights from the Kingdom of Estabul. And—

"I OFFER THE CONTRACTED WORDS, LETTING THE SLUMBERING MALICIOUS SPIRIT DWELL WITHIN."

It was as soon as he chanted that. Ryner's body's movements began to accelerate. It was a spell so that he could surpass his body's physical limits.

Confirming that swords were swinging at him from the right, he jumped. His body reaching the ceiling in an instant, he kicked off at the ceiling and moved to behind the black-dressed people.

However, they weren't fast enough to be able to respond. They saw. Though they saw, they weren't able to

respond.

Ryner struck the back of the neck of one. Like that, he easily fainted.

Looking at that,

"Wha—"

As one raised his voice in surprise, Ryner had already crossed the distance between them. The black-dressed man immediately tried to escape from Ryner, but he was too slow. As Ryner jabbed him in the solar plexus with his right elbow, he lost consciousness.

Two people were remaining.

Understanding that the situation wasn't going well, the two were already trying to escape. It was a good response. If you realized that things were bad, you should immediately withdraw. It was a fundamental of tactics.

But it was already too late for that. Looking at his left arm with the stakes, Ryner smiled. Though he'd initially been surprised at the sudden stabbing, with only this level of damage given... he'd already predicted the result.

Ryner took out one of the stakes in his arm, and then threw it.

The stake flew straight at the head of one of the escaping assassins, and as the blunt object hit it with all its might, he unsurprisingly collapsed. Now, there was one person remaining.

Ryner had already taken out another stake and spoke.

"... Stop there. If you don't, then I'll throw this to pierce through you. Specifically, at your neck."

He began, but the guy didn't stop. At that, Ryner—

"Ah, geez."

He turned the stake over and threw it. It easily hit the black-dressed man's head. As he also collapsed,

"... If you've all fallen unconscious, then I'm gonna have to wait until someone wakes up to interrogate them, huh...?"

Ryner let out a sigh.

Then, he looked at his left arm. His arm with still one stake pierced into it. It was a considerably severe injury, with blood gushing out.

"With this amount of blood loss... if I wait until these guys wake up, won't I die... Hey, now that the adrenaline from the fight's going away, it's hurting agaaain."

While speaking with a half-crying face, he looked around. He was affirming the situation now.

The office that'd become messy from the explosion and fighting.

The four unconscious assassins. He had to first take them into custody before, left alone, they woke up, but his arm hurt just a bit too much to move.

That was why Ryner again looked up at the clock, and,

"Geez, Sion still hasn't come back? That asshole."

It was when he said that.

"... Who's an asshole?"

He heard a familiar voice from the entrance of the room. As Ryner turned that way, Sion stood there. He stared into the room, and then looked at Ryner with a worried face.

"Are you all right?"

In response, Ryner looked at his left arm that he held out, and,

"Do I look all right?"

"No."

"Then don't ask."

"Yeah. That's right, isn't it? Sorry."

Sion then entered the room, and stealing the cords from the fallen black-dressed men's waists, he began to tightly wrap it around the joint of Ryner's arm in order to stop the bleeding.

"It's bleeding badly."

"Yeah. Well, it's not that ba... No, it kind of is?"

"Sorry."

Again, Sion apologized. In a trembling, low voice. As usual, regardless of what it was, it was a situation where *again* he blamed himself.

At that, Ryner—

"Oh great, are you blaming yourself *again*?"

"....."

"It's not your fault, you know."

However, at that,

"It's my fault,"

Sion said, to which at, as always, regarding the Sion who'd entered *I must take everything upon myself* mode, Ryner wanted to clutch his head.

"This again~?"

Ryner said in a weary voice, at which Sion weakly smiled, and,

"Yeah, this again. These guys were aiming at me... perhaps they wanted to kill you as a means of teaching me a lesson. And *again*, I wouldn't have been able to stop it."

He said such things.

Again, I wouldn't have been able to stop it... Sion said that. Ryner raised his eyebrows at that. Though Ryner didn't know, perhaps something like this had happened before.

"Was someone killed?"

"....."

Sion, while staring at the black-dressed men who laid on the floor, nodded.

At that, Ryner said,

"But this time, no one died."

Sion then looked his way, as a light smile arose.

"Yeah. Thanks to you to being a strong idiot. Thanks to you, I wasn't hurt."

"Haha. You're the type who starts crying as soon as he's bullied? Crying out, *Stop it already—Mamaa~*."

However, in response, Sion easily nodded.

"Yeah. If you'd been killed, I'd definitely cry a lot. Because you're my best friend, right?"

"... Um, somehow, when you say that with a serious face, it's kind of uncomfortable."

But Sion didn't reply. He grabbed the heads of the fallen black-dressed men, and as he lifted them,

"I... I won't forgive anyone who hurts my friends,"

He said. At Sion's unusually intimidating tone, Ryner scratched his head.

"... So? Are you gonna torture them to make them talk?"

But Sion shook his head.

"No, that won't be necessary. I already know who the enemy is. So Ryner, you..."

Then, Sion lifted his face.

By that point, his usual expression had already spread across. The confident smile of an outstanding young man. A gentle smile. Directing that smile towards Ryner, he spoke.

"So Ryner, you should go to the hospital already. You need to get that arm looked at."

At those words,

"You..."

However, Sion interrupted.

"Hur~ry up and go. Looking at your injury's a little frightening, considering how nasty it is."

"Uh?"

Ryner said, looking at his arm's injury again. Certainly, it was rather bad.

Nevertheless,

"But if these guys wake up..."

He began, but unsurprisingly, Sion interrupted with,

"Ah, geez, shut up already. As soon as I heard reports of an explosion coming from here, I called for reinforcements, so I can deal with everything from here, which is why you don't need to worry. Ah, I'll admit you into the hospital? Honestly, if we don't do anything about your arm, it's going to rot."

"Eh? R-Rot... Don't jinx me."

"If you don't want that, then hurry up and go."

"Ah... fine. I get it. Then."

Ryner nodded, and began to leave. As he exited the room, he looked over his shoulder one more time.

Sion was again glaring down at the black-dressed men on the floor.

"....."

At that, though Ryner began to say something,

"Whoa, ow, ow, ow—"

The pain in his arm grew worse, and so he exited into the corridor without saying anything.

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"....."

He looked down.

After Ryner left, Sion looked down at the four assassins collapsed on the floor.

He already understood. Assassins who used the sword. The Fenirun brothers. Disgusting fans of murder.

Fiole... They were the ones who'd cut him up when they killed him.

That was what he'd learned from his investigation.

Right now, they were employed by Count Klausberr. The man who had abducted Fiole's younger sister, Eslina, and furthermore, had ordered for Fiole to be killed.

Right. He already knew who his enemy was now. He'd taken his time. He knew already that this country was in his hands.

Despite that.

"... Haha... Again, I'm starting a fight."

Sion's smile didn't falter. And—

"Froaude. These guys,"

He murmured. Outside the room, a black silhouette extended. The silhouette enlarged, before taking the form of four beasts of darkness.

The shadow monsters that Froaude manipulated.

"... Kill them?"

From outside the room, a cold voice sounded.

"....."

Sion didn't answer. However, understanding his intentions, Froaude continued.

"... Fu, fufu. In that case..."

Along with those words, the shadow beasts dragged Fenirun brothers along.

Their destination was...

"....."

As expected, Sion responded to Froaude's words by throwing a separate question.

"... The dinner party I'm attending tomorrow—who's the host?"

Froaude answered in a cheerful voice,

"That would be Count Klausberr, Your Majesty."

That was what he said.

At that, Sion nodded.

"Right. It's Klausberr. Klausberr."

Sion smiled. His expression unchanging, he smiled faintly.

"Haha. Tomorrow's farce will be interesting, won't it?"

Looking down at the shadow beasts as they dragged away the Fenirun brothers, Sion laughed.

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In a dazzling room, all dressed up, were the noblemen and ladies. Gorgeous food that wasn't meant to be eaten and meaninglessly expensive liquor.

The nobles' dinner.

Beyond the limits of normal humans, there were all sorts of ugly extravagance here.

Staring at the scene, Sion remembered. The night Fiole had been killed, Sion was at a dinner party.

The nobles, with their quibbling expressions, had approached Sion and spoken.

"It's truly unfortunate what happened... I've been told the one whom Your Majesty recently appointed, Fiole... I seem to have forgotten his family name... that commoner secretary was found brutally murdered just a while ago..."

Even though they were the ones who killed him, they said it was truly unfortunate.

"This—this... isn't the place to talk of such bloody things. It truly is unfortunate... Well, if I may say that there's one upside to this, it's good fortune that it was only a commoner who was killed, isn't it?"

Good fortune...

"Indeed, indeed, indeed. It would've been quite the problem if it'd been a noble who was killed."

As they said those things, they laughed. Everyone else at the dinner party held suppressed scorn.

And so, Sion had smiled. Saying that it truly was a relief that it was only a commoner who'd been killed, he smiled. Saying what the nobles wanted, he smiled.

Even though, in truth, he would kill everyone here.

I'm comforted by everyone's words. Thank you, everyone—saying that, he smiled.

And today as well.

"... Today will be like that as well... Is that what they think...?"

Sion said quietly, as the host of today's dinner party, surrounded by followers, approached him.

White hair with a stout body that shook—a middle-aged man. He held a glass of wine in each hand as he offered one.

Count Klausberr.

The man who had attacked Ryner yesterday.

The ringleader behind Fiole's death.

Returning the broad smirks of the nobles, Sion smiled.

"If it isn't Count Klausberr. It's been a while."

Bowing his head in a courteous manner, Count Klausberr—

"Your Majesty. I apologize for being late in my greetings."

Sion shook his head.

"No need. After all, the count is tonight's host... You must be terribly busy. Terribly, correct?"

Saying that, he smiled.

For a moment, as Klausberr stared, a disgusting smile arose.

Again, that suppressed smile. *At any rate, you won't pick a fight with us nobles, will you?* That kind of expression.

A You can only smile insincerely, right? expression.

At that, Sion smiled. And,

"I must give my gratitude for being invited today,"

He said. Klausberr, with his false courtesy—

"No, no, I'm trembling with the privilege of being able to invite Your Majesty,"

He said that. And then after surmising with his followers:

"Incidentally, Your Majesty..."

He said.

"It seemed that something significant happened last night,"

He said.

"I've only heard rumours... but I've been told the close associate whom Your Majesty appointed was killed last night...?"

Those were almost exactly the same words used the day Fiole was killed. To that,

"... No technique, huh?"

Sion muttered under his breath.

Klausberr tilted his head.

"Eh? What was that just now?"

Smiling,

"No, no, it was nothing. Let's continue the conversation. This ally was someone of low standing—a commoner. Furthermore, he was an **Alpha Stigma** monster. I shudder to think if it was a noble's blood that was the victim,"

Sion said that.

Klausberr nodded with a satisfied expression. He nodded with a foolish expression.

"It truly is a relief, isn't it? Now then, Your Majesty, let's forget about such painful matters this evening. Please, take a glass,"

He said, offering him a glass of wine.

At that, Sion smiled.

"Thank you kindly."

He held out his hand. However, he didn't take Klausberr's. Instead, he went straight for Klausberr's neck, grabbing onto it tightly and lifting him up.

"Gua... ua... what..."

Klausberr said with a surprised and pained expression. No, all of the nobles in the room stared with shocked faces.

However, Sion didn't falter and smiled.

"No, no, I just want to run a test."

"T-Test?"

"Yes. To see if I truly would be more hurt if it were a noble's blood that ran than my commoner friend dying..."

He said, taking out a hidden dagger. Various noblewomen screamed, but he paid them no heed.

There was no need to pay them any heed.

In a trembling voice, Klausberr spoke.

"Y-You bastard, what do you intend to do!?"

In a calm voice, Sion said,

"I already explained just a while ago."

However, interrupting him,

"W-What are you thinking!?"

Klausberr shouted.

At that, Sion laughed.

"... Shouldn't it be what are *you* thinking? What were you thinking, harming my friend? Did you think that I would always smile frivolously and let you do whatever you please? Fool. Times are different now. You will die here. You'll meet the same fate as Fiole. You'll die as your lesson here."

"S-Sto..."

However, Sion didn't stop. He held up the dagger.

At that, Klausberr called out.

"W-What are you doing!? Fenirun brothers! K-Kill him—this mad king!"

In that moment, four black silhouettes appeared in the large room. They withdrew their swords and approached.

However, they didn't pay Sion any attention. For some reason, their swords... their swords were pointed straight at Klausberr's neck. Four swords were thrust at Klausberr's neck.

"W-Why..."

To the dumbfounded Klausberr, Sion spoke.

"Fu, fufu, haha... why, why? Why didn't you receive last night's report? Why, even though they're contracted to protect you? Haha. The world you've always believed in has ended already. Everything has ended. Now, beg for your life."

The knife approached his neck. It cut into the skin slightly. At that, Klausberr only—

"Ah, awa, ah, aah..."

He couldn't say anything. Instead, he shook as tears streamed down his face.

"... I-I-I won't allow..."

Sion stared. He grabbed at the excess flesh of the unsightly noble.

And then he thought. Surely Fiole, just before his death, hadn't been unseemly like this. His eyes always stared straight ahead. That was why, surely, he wouldn't have wished for revenge against this man.

"I-I won't allow it..."

Klausberr said.

At that, Sion tightened his hand.

"Hiiii—!?"

However, he threw Klausberr to the floor. Klausberr fell on his back, crying. A full-grown adult, trembling in fear and acting in such a shameful manner.

Nothing about the nobles was noble.

"... You're not worth killing,"

Sion said.

"But nevertheless—"

He raised his hand. In that moment, his own, armed troops leaped out towards the surrounding nobles in the room.

The nobles' faces changed. Confirming the fear that was evident throughout their entire bodies, Sion continued.

"But nevertheless... While there may be no worth in killing you, I already have the power to kill all the nobles here. Remember this and leave. I can kill you. After all, all of you, who have corrupted this country, no longer have any value... Now, those want to die, speak!"

"....."

However, no one said anything.

At that, as Sion had nothing of meaning left to say, he stopped.

"That is all."

He turned on his heel.

Soon behind him was Froaude, who spoke with a somewhat dissatisfied expression.

"... And again, you won't kill anyone? You truly are kind."

However, looking at Froaude, Sion—

"Kind? Haha. At any rate, that's only for now. At any rate... at the very end..."

He stopped those words.

And for a moment, he closed his eyes.

And again, that scene appeared. A sea of blood. His friend, cut apart. However, Fiole was smiling. With the same expression he had when they first met, he was smiling. At that,

"... With this, are you happy? Fiole. Are you smiling?"

Sion murmured; however, there was no response.

There was no response anymore.

His revenge had so easily ended.

However, nothing would return.

Furthermore, he'd dirtied his hands. He'd dirtied his hands with countless people's blood.

The Hero King Fiole had dreamed of was already impossible to reach.

That was why.

"....."

That was why Sion smiled sadly.

Smiling,

"... Ah, damn it. I'll have to bully the hospitalized Ryner for comfort, huh?"

Again, he began to walk forward.